

## MUSIC BY THE WEYMOUTH BAND.

*Hail to the Chief.*

## PRAYER.

BY REV. JOSIAH MOORE.

## ODE TO MILES STANDISH.

*Air—America.**Sung by the Audience.*

ALL Hail, departed Chief!  
 The Nation to thee brings  
     An offering free;  
 Not of mere bronze or stone,  
 Nor set on hill alone,—  
 Our memories long have flown  
     O'er land and sea.

Fond hopes in Britain left,  
 Of wealth and power bereft,  
     Still, spirit free,  
 You braved the ocean's roar,  
 You wooed a frozen shore,  
 That we might evermore  
     Wed liberty.

That seed of freedom sown,  
 Through frost and blood hath grown  
     A Nation free!  
 An empire, great in trust,  
 A people full of rest,  
 Millions, thus happy blest,  
     All honor thee.

After the singing, General Sargent was formally introduced to the audience, by the Secretary, Mr. Gifford, and addressed them as follows:—

## ORATION.

BY GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

It would have been more fitting to the grandeur of a noble memory that a distinguished connection of Myles Standish should have addressed you to-day. It would have been most agreeable to myself, as well as to you, that one of the many, illustrious by letters or by deeds, with whom the Pilgrim blood is blessed, should enjoy the honor of speaking before an audience familiar with the simple, grand traditions which I can only repeat like a twice-told tale to you. I crave your courteous patience for my short recital of a well-known story, and my reverent tribute to a life supremely brave.

Two memorable pictures, representing widely separate decades, hang on the wall of American history. Two and a half centuries span the gulf of time between the first decade, when a little band of Englishmen floated into Jamestown, and another little band, a few years later, became entangled in the shoals of Cape Cod; and the last decade, when, with a shock of arms that shook the world, the descendants of the Cavaliers, repeating English history, surrendered the